THE

Jack-Daw "*At Home.*"

BY A YOUNG LADY OF RANK.

Illustrated with elegant Engravings.

LONDON:
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JACK-DAW "*AT HOME.*"

SOME poets have sung of a Grasshopper's Feast,
And others, the Ball of a Bird or a Beast;
But they all have forgotten the second grand rout,
Which was given to those who before were left out.
The JACK-DAW, to whom, the PEACOCK so proud,
Sent no card of admission to thicken the crowd,
Enrag'd at such rudeness, and swelling with spite,
Cried, "A much better party I'll give them some night;
"From this moment, a bird of great fashion I'll be,
"And the proud strutting Peacock my splendour shall see."

Now Spring, gentle Spring, had resum'd her bright
reign,
" And cowslips and primroses deck'd the sweet plain."
The forests were budding—the streams gently flow'd;
In May's vernal colouring the wild valleys glow'd;
And the JACK-DAW resolv'd—all the wint'ry storms
past,
He would send out his cards for the gala at last.
When these cards were dispers'd, all the tenants of air,
Excepting the PEACOCK, delighted repair;
Who wish'd to be ask'd, notwithstanding his pride,
To see the JACK-DAW, and his manners deride.
The GAME-CHICKEN and BANTUM wou'd neither be
there,
For at the last rout, midst the birds of the air,
Those few who lov'd scandal had made a great pother
'Bout the spurs of the one, pantaloons of the other.



The SWALLOW from trav'lling, just landed at home,
Felt far too much weari'd for pleasure to roam.
The HALCYON was nursing her brood on the wave,
The RAVEN was screaming his dirge o'er a grave,
The CUCKOO possessing no nest of her own,
Where she rambl'd at present to all was unknown.
The HER'N on Killarney preferr'd his lone nest,
And the EAGLE remain'd upon Mangerton's crest;
But the rest of the warblers were all on the wing,
To hail with this gala the beauties of Spring.
First, Alderman TURKEYCOCK eagerly came,
With his nose, from high living, almost in a flame,
While his spouse at his elbow led on a young pout,
Who now, for the first time, was ask'd to a rout.
Thus they trimm'd up their feathers and hasten'd away,
And with them Dame PARTLET, the GOOSE, and the
JAY.

The TURTLE-DOVE found she was reckon'd a jest,
For living sequester'd within her own nest;
So, as Folly too often leads Virtue to wrong,
By example and laughter, she follow'd the throng.
And grave Justice GANDER, the dread of the rabble,
With his Lady, the GOOSE, came engag'd in a gabble.
From Scotia's wild glens and plains of dark heather,
Laird PTARMIGAN came with some birds of his feather;
The GROUSE, CAPERCAILLE, or the COCK of the WOOD,
And the EIDER DUCK fresh from th' Orcadian flood;
Each eagerly flew, with a wide open mouth,
Resolv'd to enjoy the good things of the south.
Bishop DODO came next, with the gout in his toes,
Which disorder from *abstinence* CERTAINLY rose.
As the Sons of the Church for the sins of the nation,
Endure self-denial and mortification.

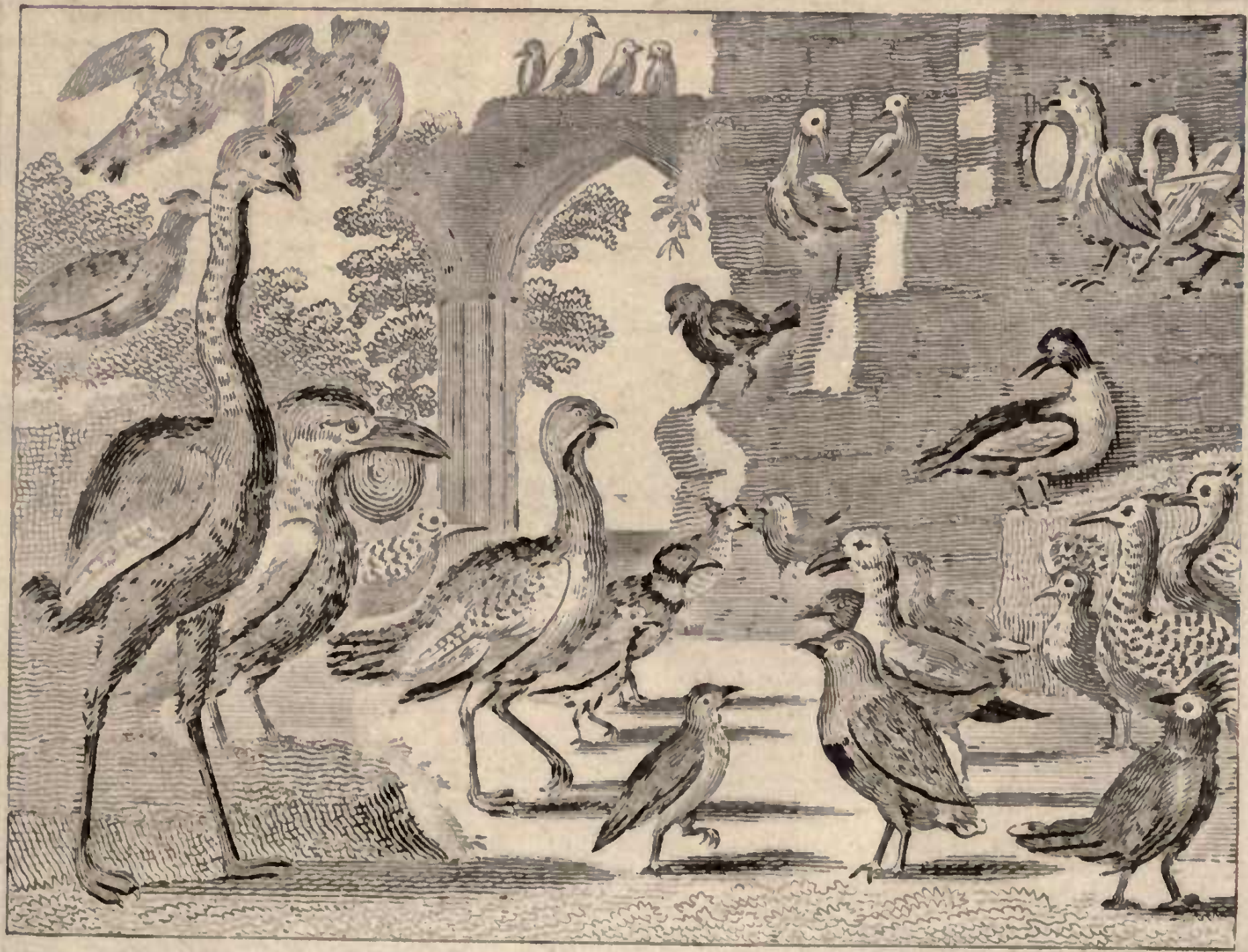
Baron WOODCOCK from Norway—from Sweden Count SNIPE,
Seem'd each, as they came, to be smoking a pipe.
But lo! what strange terror the meeting now fills,
They seem'd so like *duns* from the length of *their bills*;
Which birds of condition, of fashion, and birth,
Esteem the worst plagues they encounter on earth.
A HEATHCOCK of Connaught, in Ireland, heard
How the JACK-DAW prepar'd a great feast for each bird:
The foremost in impudence, freedom, and fun,
He resolv'd, though unask'd, at the ball to make one.
With Commodore PUFFIN he landed in Wales,
And came up post-haste with the Holyhead mails.
That Nabob the PARADISE-BIRD was invited,
Because the JACK-DAW with his gold was delighted;
And hop'd (for to bus'ness he still had an eye)
To pluck out a feather of his bye and bye;

For he knew 'twas a trick in the circles of taste,
At cards, to make guests pay the cost of the feast.
Some other gay birds arriv'd from Molucca,
From Cornwall and Devon, the CHOUGH and GOAT-
SUCKER.
The SOLAN GOOSE quitted the wide Frith of Forth,
The KITT'WAKE and BITTERN came up from the
North:
From woodlands romantic the NIGHTINGALE came,
With the LARK, THRUSH, and BLACKBIRD, all birds
of great fame,
The NIGHTINGALE warbles beneath the Moon's beam,
The LARK, when Aurora illumines the stream,
Soaring high in the air, as Herald of Morn
Proclaims the fresh beauties which mantle the dawn;
The HAWK and the MARTIN, the FIELDFARE and
WIDGEON,
Came along with the PARTRIGE, the PHEASANT, and
PIGEON.

Tho' the HAWK is by nature a keen bird of prey,
His talents for pouncing he laid by that day:
From the wild shores of Afric the PELICAN flew,
The MOCKBIRD from Canada's forests withdrew;
The gay-painted ROLLER from Germany came,
And with him he brought some birds of his name;
Two WOODPECKERS also he met on the road,
And together they went to the JACK-DAW's abode:
The OSTRICH, unusually bold, ventur'd o'er,
(Though his plumes have, at parties, been oft seen before;)
A BISHOP arriv'd from the climes of the west,
And a CARDINAL also, adorn'd with a crest,
The HOOPOO, the TITMOUSE, the BUSTARD, and RAIL,
Arriv'd with the FLYCATCHER, OUZEL, and QUAIL.
But should I attempt all their names to recall,
No account could I give of this wonderful ball.

In the midst of a ruin, where long unmolested,
Philosopher Bat had in solitude rested,
The Jack-Daw delighted, heard all their wings rustle,
And receiv'd his fine guests with a risible bustle.
The elms waving round, and the grass mantl'd court,
Were the scene of their Concert, their Ball, and their Sport.
To open the concert, the Mockbird began,
Through various divisions his melody ran;
And they all with unbounded astonishment heard,
The tones ably mimick'd of each warbling bird:
The Canary sang next, and they all cry'd encora,
When this wond'rous Canary perform'd a bravura;
In Italy taught, with the Bullfinch he came,
Tho' the last at Vienna acquir'd his fame.
The Parrot began a duet with the Owl,
But none could endure such a horrible howl;





Mrs. Goose loudly hiss'd; Lady Cockatoo star'd,
For a strain so discordant not one was prepar'd.
Thus, asham'd of the laughter their folly excited,
They both took the wing—very far from delighted.
The Bishop was heard with great rapture by all,
(Tho' Bishops ought not to be seen at a ball),
Then the Blackbird and Thrush began their sweet song,
And the melody floated the dark aisles along;
The Nightingale join'd, and the Skylark sang loud,
And this glee was applauded by all the gay crowd.
The concert was clos'd by a chorus at last,
And some were impatient to seek the repast;
But others insisted the Ball should begin;
So the music was instantly all summon'd in.
The Ball was commenc'd by the Partridge and Quail,
And in the same set, danc'd the Bustard and Rail,

The CHATTERER, the STARLING, RING OUZEL, and CROW,
Join'd the rest, with the REDWING, and BULLY *le gros*
This dance being ended, they rested awhile,
Refreshments were brought—causing many a smile.
Bishop DODO made negus, and made it so strong,
That some of the guests could scarce hobble along.
Highland reels then began, with the true Highland fling,
And the birds from Columbia danc'd all in a ring;
For oft they beheld from their sheltering brakes,
The natives dance thus on the banks of the lakes.
Then the birds who from Germany's forests came o'er,
Danc'd their own native waltzes on Albion's shore;
All the rest were delighted, surpriz'd, and amaz'd,
And their elegant dancing was very much prais'd.



The MAGPIE at length, in a note very loud,
Announc'd that the table was spread to the crowd;
So all with one impulse abandon'd the ball,
And rush'd where the supper was serv'd in the hall.
The JACK-DAW display'd such confusion and flurry,
He upset a rich dish of stew'd grubs in his hurry.
The feast was compos'd of each dainty in season,
But a quarter of these was sufficient for reason;
Some behav'd quite politely—the others were rude,
And dar'd on the plates of their neighbours intrude.
"I beg you'll be quiet," Lady COCKATOO said,
"Such noise, and such tumult, distract my poor head;
"I scarcely have tasted a morsel to-night."
"'Pon honour, your Ladyship's much in the right,"
Said a dashing COCK SPARROW, who snatch'd from her plate,
A cherry quite ripe she intended to eat.

The BLACKBIRD was ask'd, if he'd give them a song,
But his voice was not clear—and too noisy the throng,
Tho' the fact was, he wish'd some more fruit to devour,
For he did not imagine the cherries were sour.
Yet, scarce had he ventur'd to ask for his share.
When lo! all these cherries were vanish'd in air:
The BLACKBIRD was angry, he flutter'd his wings,
(And 'tis well known that Blackbirds are passionate things);
He declar'd he would fight any bird who would meet him,
And ventur'd to bet, he was certain to beat him.
But, alas! he forgot in the heat of his passion,
'Midst the wild bogs of Ireland, fighting's the fashion,
And that Paddy the HEATHCOCK sat close by his side,
Who instantly drubb'd him, till loudly he cry'd.

In short, 'twas a scene of the greatest disorder,
The JACK-DAW, in vain, strove to keep them in order.
To the PARADISE-BIRD he then made an arch sign,
For he saw the poor Nabob was fuddl'd with wine;
So he took him aside, just to shew his regards,
And amuse him awhile with a few games at cards:
Which the Nabob, I'm sure, will not quickly forget,
For he lost all his feathers of gold at piquet.
The MAGPIE, who always was up to such things,
Saw the DAW hide a card under one of his wings;
And prone to make mischief, to all who were there
Declar'd how the JACK-DAW had play'd thus unfair.
The birds then rush'd in, some with drinking quite
mellow,
They call'd him a cheat, and a low swindling fellow;
While hot-blooded Paddy vehemently swore,
That the JACK-DAW his ill-gotten plumes should
restore.

Who exclaim'd, while his guest kick'd him rudely about,
" May I die, if I ever again give a rout!"
At length, all this clamor, confusion, and noise,
From the hamlets adjacent invited the boys;
Who ran out in haste, and observ'd with surprise,
The birds in such numbers obscure all the skies;
For the shouts of the villagers put them to flight,
Before they could say to each other good night.
And the JACK-DAW himself was rejoic'd in his soul,
To escape from his visitors into a hole;
And deplor'd his sad fate, and his folly right hearty,
That ever induc'd him to give a *grand party*.

THE END.

P. Da Ponte, Printer, 15, Poland-Street, Oxford-Street.

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